

独家引进

石头汤 系列读物

Stone Soup

由畅销 30 多年的美国金牌期刊汇编而成

美国青少年原创佳作
中国中学生阅读精品



我是天使

 安徽科学技术出版社

Stone Soup

“石头汤”系列读物

我是天使

安徽科学技术出版社

[皖]版贸登记号: 1201204

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

我是天使/美国 Stone Soup 杂志社编;邢凌初等编译. —合肥:安徽科学技术出版社,2006. 4

(“石头汤”系列读物)

ISBN 7-5337-3458-0

I. 我… II. ①美…②邢… III. 英语-语言读物, 文学 IV. H319.4

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2005)第 007893 号

*

安徽科学技术出版社出版

(合肥市跃进路 1 号新闻出版大厦)

邮政编码:230063

电话号码:(0551)2833431

E-mail: yougoubu@sina.com

yougoubu@hotmail.com

网址: www.ahstp.com.cn

新华书店经销 合肥中德印刷培训中心印刷厂印刷

*

开本:787×1092 1/32 印张:5.75 字数:120 千

2006 年 4 月第 1 版 2006 年 4 月第 1 次印刷

印数:5 000

定价:8.50 元

(本书如有倒装、缺页等问题,请向本社发行科调换)

严正声明

安徽科学技术出版社已获得美国 Children's Art Foundation 的授权,享有在中国独家出版、发行《“石头汤”系列读物》的专有权。任何单位或个人,未经我社书面授权,不得擅自以任何形式使用本书的任何一部分,否则,我社将依法追究其法律责任。

监督举报电话:(0551)2846184

Original title: Stone Soup

Original edition published by Children's Art Foundation

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the written permission of the Publishers.

Printed and bound in China

出版者的话

Stone Soup 是美国出版的面向青少年读者的双月刊,创刊至今已有 30 余年,畅销美国、加拿大、墨西哥等国家,深受世界各地读者的欢迎。

“石头汤”是一个民间故事的名字,在俄国、瑞典和非洲等地区广为流传,其含义为通过每个人的一点贡献,将一锅水和石头煮成鲜美的汤。比方说,你贡献一个土豆,我贡献一点胡萝卜,他贡献一些鸡……在《石头汤》期刊中,所有作者的各自贡献,使得该刊犹如一锅丰盛鲜美的“汤”。

继成功推出 *Chicken Soup for the Soul*《心灵鸡汤》系列读物后,我社又从美国 Children's Art Foundation 独家引进了 *Stone Soup*《石头汤》系列读物。

书中的文章都是由当今美国青少年所写的上乘之作,极富时代感。他们通过自己的故事,讲述了各自成长过程中的理想追求、成败得失和喜怒哀乐,从不同的视角诠释了他们对大千世界的认识和对生活的理解。

本套书反映了当今美国青少年现实生活的方方面面。内容生动有趣、情感真实丰富。语言地道简约、优美流畅。实为中国青少年英语学习上的佳读物。

为了方便中国读者阅读和理解,我们请语言专家对书中一些较难理解的词语进行注释,并选择语言本身和人文内涵的精妙之处给予点评。

本套书的注释工作由邢凌初组织实施。

本书注释者为俞成功、李荣、陈荣义。



目 录

Toy Soldier Flashback	1
玩具士兵的回忆	
Mrs. Mouse and the Beloved Couch	6
老鼠夫人和心爱的躺椅	
Pain, Pride, Prejudice	13
痛苦,傲慢,偏见	
Hurricane!	20
飓风!	
All Because I Was Different	29
因为我与众不同	
The Ice Rescue	33
冰上救援	
From Brilliant Hues to Shady Grays	37
从光辉到阴暗	
In May	51
在五月	
April Morning	56
四月的早晨	
Opening Night	58
首次公演	
Elfling	62
小精灵	
Letting Go	64
搬家	

Best Friends?	68
最好的朋友?	
The Price of Power	75
魔力的代价	
Henry's Fox	83
亨利的狐狸	
Benji	102
本奇	
Flora's Home	105
弗洛拉的家	
My Name Is Angel	115
我是天使	
ABC Hobby Store	119
初级爱好商店	
A Strike for the Wind	126
为自由而战	
A Puzzling Story	135
一个拼图故事	
Night	142
夜	
Teddy's Eyes	144
特迪的眼睛	
The Battle of Lake Trasimene	152
特拉西明湖之战	
Audition	160
试演	
Lizy	163
莉齐	
Freedom	172
自由	



Toy Soldier Flashback 玩具士兵的回忆

导

语

曾经有一次石油大战，但是作者却认为他是在和他的一群玩具士兵玩打仗。他不能真正理解战争，但战争总是在发生。他自己也将去向战场吗？

I can look back to a time when a war was fought over oil, a time when America flexed its military muscle¹ to explain whose desert was whose. At the time I was five. I didn't see it like that. I saw it as a chance to see an army man on TV, or a fighter plane. I would watch the news for the stories about the war to see some nameless GI² from the midwest fire a machine gun at some unseen enemy or to see infrared images from a bomber as it blew up a nondescript factory in the desert. I didn't think about the Iraqi being shot at on the other end of the machine gun or the factory workers being killed by a man they hadn't even seen. I thought it was all very simple. Good and bad—the Americans shooting at the

1. 动用武力 2. 美国现役陆军士兵



Stone Soup

“bad guys.” I didn’t really realize the bad guys were dying. I knew that they died, but I didn’t think of them as people. I thought of them as toy soldiers.

The little green men stuck in a combat pose¹. Frozen, looking down the barrel of their rifles. Aiming, but never shooting. I thought of it like I played with the toy soldiers, good versus evil. Like the Second World War, but even more clear-cut. In my wars they didn’t fight over oil. They fought to win, they fought for glory, they fought to knock down the other side’s flag and put up theirs. It was all in good fun of course.

After the battle everyone got back up to fight again or to be thrown back in the plastic bag from whence they came.

All the toy soldiers were Americans—throwbacks to the war in Vietnam, carrying weapons used to kill people in the jungles of a far-off land. I liked the ones who were firing their guns. The ones who talked on the radio or waved their arms frantically seemed useless. They couldn’t be lined up to shoot at the other side, even though the other side was exactly the same. There weren’t any Viet Cong or NVRA soldiers, only GIs and an occasional tank. It seems funny there were no Vietnamese soldiers to fire back. Even though all the soldiers were made in tiny Asian countries like Singapore, the soldiers still were only American. I guess the toy manufacturers thought that American children only wanted to paly with

1. 战斗姿势



American soldiers. After all, no one wants to be the “bad guy,” but at age five I couldn’t have told the difference between a VC sniper¹ and a Marine recon detachment².

My parents must not have liked their son constantly playing with miniature soldiers from the Vietnam War. After all, they protested it in college. It wasn’t a true war, so why should they be forced to go to the sweaty jungles of an Asian country they didn’t even know existed to fight an un-war? It makes sense, but I can’t say what I would have done. Probably I would be too scared to go and would try to get out of it, but then again thousands of men were going off to die, and if I didn’t go, someone would have to go in my place. And what if that person died? It’s a bit of a dilemma³, and fortunately I don’t have to deal with it. Thirty years too late.

Even though my parents had protested the war they bought me icons⁴ from it—the toy soldiers. I just loved those little green men. I remember in Italy my parents bought me a box of soldiers. The cardboard back had a picture of a beach landing in the foreground; a man fired a bazooka and farther back tanks fired. You couldn’t see what either was aiming at. There was a plastic shell that made four compartments to house the soldiers. Four different sides, each a different color. I can only remember one. It was a brownish red. I can’t remember what happened to the rest. I probably lost them when I opened the package in the car. I remember playing

1. 狙击手 2. 派遣 3. 进退两难 4. (东正教的)圣像





Stone Soup

with them on our patio when we got back to the house. These soldiers were smaller than most, about an inch tall—a little too small. I was playing with them on the patio. My dad sat on the stairs that led up to the house, watching through his big sunglasses. It dawned upon me that my soldiers had no home. So I looked up at my father and asked him to help build¹ a fort for them. He said nothing, but stood up and walked over to the place where the brick wall that surrounded the patio² met with the house. There a workman had stored his leftover roofing tiles from a recent roofing job. My dad picked up two of them; all the while my head turned to watch him. He walked back to me, his white coffee-stained T-shirt billowing in the breeze. I watched as he set down the tiles³ in front of me. They were the curved kind in a brick color very similar to the soldiers that I had just purchased. “Here,” he said. “These can be barracks.”

“What’s a barrack⁴?” asked in return, staring at the curved pieces of clay in front of me and then up at him.

“It’s a place where soldiers live,” he said, walking back to his place on the steps.

I didn’t understand how these tiles could be houses, but I put the soldiers under them anyway. Now the soldiers had a home. *Of course they couldn’t stay there. They would have to*

1. 帮忙做某事 2. that surrounded the patio 作为定语从句修饰 the brick wall, 而 where the brick wall that...patio 则作为定语从句修饰 the place。

3. 瓦 4. 军营房



fight again and that's how it was and still is.¹ America will have to flex its muscle once again. Maybe this time I might have to make the decision between going and having someone go in my place...

by Daniel Leivick



1. 战士有家不能回。战争自古至今存在着。



Mrs. Mouse and the Beloved Couch 老鼠夫人和心爱的躺椅



几个小老鼠的妈妈正在给他的孩子们讲故事。他们住在一个黄色的躺椅下，过着舒适的生活。但躺椅将被扔掉了，他们能找到新家吗？新家还能是很好的地方吗？

Mrs. Mouse gently tucked her children into their soft bed and pulled the heavy blanket of green couch leather over them. “Mother?” one of the kits called vaguely, since she was already quite drowsy¹.

“What, my dear?”

“We’d like a story,” another kit requested. It was Nell, the runt of the litter.

“What shall it be about, darlings?”

“Well,” Nell deliberated, “I think—I think you should tell us how you had to be brave and move us all the way across the long classroom floor and I cried and you and Tim almost got burned in the radiator.”

1. 昏昏欲睡的





"I will," said Mrs. Mouse. And so she began. "It was a cold, rainy day. At that time, you were all tiny newborn kits with your eyes still not opened. You probably can't recall, but there used to be two sofas in this classroom: a tattered¹ yellow couch and a newer green one in which we now live. Our old home in the yellow sofa was warm because it was right next to the heater. It was somebody's old beach couch. Though its coarse yellow upholstery was ragged and torn, that couch was kind of special in a mysterious way. At first glance it looked like just any other couch. But once a person sat in it, once one came to know it, a delightful sense of magic descended² upon one's soul. *It had been much more than a mere fixture positioned in one corner of a room.*³ It had been embraced with the careless abandon of countless visitors. During its day as a beach couch, it had soaked up the sun and salt, the joys and sorrows of an entire generation. Young children had climbed up onto its cushions to examine their seashore treasures or to nestle into the arms of their grandparents, who would sit there for hours, quietly breathing the memories of their past⁴. The many years near the pounding surf⁵ and those that followed in the classroom imparted⁶ the wear and tear that comes with age, just as the graying and wrinkling of our elders displays the wisdom

-
1. 破烂的 2. 降临 3. 这黄沙发的意义已远远超过屋角的一个简单的摆设。 4. 静静沉浸在过去的回忆中。 5. 猛地拍打海岸的白色浪花 6. 将(某性质)给予或赋予某事物



Stone Soup

bestowed by a lifetime of experience. Its jute fabric became tattered, its cushions threadbare and sagging in the center, and its frame marked with lines, accidental as well as those thoughtfully engraved by transient¹ guests recording names and dates of equally transient significance. The appearance and odor presented its history to anyone who noticed it. It surrounded our home with the warmth of nostalgia. And that, my children, is why I loved the old yellow couch. The schoolchildren had felt its magic, too. However, this was a bit of a concern for me. You see, although I had insulated our home with extra padding for safety, there was always the looming fear that some careless child would jump on our nest and squash all of us alive. Nevertheless, that couch was prime real estate, especially for a mouse family like ours.

"So, as I was saying, it was a damp, dreary day and you were all napping. I was daydreaming about what a terrible fix your cousins were in, out in the freezing rain and mud. I was thinking about how lucky we were to live in such a warm, delightful couch, and to have such a generous supply of graham cracker and cookie crumbs. One scene slipped out of my dream and the next scene took its place, and the soothing² murmur of study in Mrs. Jacques's classroom slowed me down considerably. Drowsiness was weaving its dizzying spell when I was abruptly awakened by the concerted gasp of the language arts students. I tried to piece together what was

1. 短暂的 2. 令人舒畅的





behind the angry discussion among the students and their teacher. As I came to the frightful realization of Mrs. Jacques's stunning¹ decision, I understood what had upset the students. I stopped licking my front paws and froze in overpowering fear; my whiskers drooped and my feet began to sweat; my tail became numb. Mrs. Jacques had decided to discard² the couch—our home!

“It was all I could do to keep from crying; I wanted to be recued from this misfortune so badly. Ideas stormed across the fixed gaze of my eyes and then faded away as fast as they had appeared. I gained the strength of a defiant soldier from the tyranny of the circumstances; I decided that we'd have to leave our home and find a new one; *it was beyond my power to reverse Mrs. Jacques's decision.*³ However, with that issue resolved, more difficulties arose—where would we move to in the middle of winter, and when could I move?

“Evening twilight settled with the heavy weight of apprehension. The waning light stole with it the echoes of the students' last shouts as they reverberated through the empty halls. The silence of descending darkness had always comforted me; on this occasion, however, it only added to my uneasiness. I made my way up through our dusty passage and peeked out of the crevice between the sofa cushions which served as a good observation post before venturing out⁴. My

-
1. 令人吃惊的 2. 扔掉, 丢弃 3. 我无力改变雅克夫人的决定。
4. 大胆出去





Stone Soup

evening excursion around the classroom was usually a pleasure, with frequent pauses to pick up morsels of food, but now the burden of misery swallowed any such lingering feeling. As I gazed around the classroom searching for answers, my eyes fell upon the green couch. The sight greeted me and lifted my heart with relief; I knew at once that this green sofa could be our new home. That was Thursday. I decided that I would wait for the weekend because then I'd have two full days to complete the move. With that concluded, I went ahead to settle in for the night. A sleepless night it was, too, for my dreams were plagued by images of spine-crushing mousetraps¹ and evil janitors with doom in their eyes. No denying it, I was anxious about the move.

"Friday morning our luck did not improve; despite the schoolchildren's pleas, Mrs. Jacques remained steadfast in her decision to discard the yellow couch. On top of that, I was confronted with more bad news; the couch was to be removed the very same day at the close of school. Silent waves of urgency surged through my body, making every hair stand on end, but *I was helpless to take action until school broke up*². The spaces between the minutes only seemed to grow longer.

"Mrs. Jacques was the last to leave. Gently, I urged you kits through the back passage and herded you onto the dusty floor under the couch. The rooms weren't heated after hours, and so each of you felt chilled and *uttered tiny helpless*

1. 鼠夹 2. 在学校放学之前,我无法采取行动。

